

In The Next Issue  
Of LEG SHOW,  
On Sale  
January 29th:

The 6' 3"  
Amazon  
vs  
The 5' 6"  
Smart Ass



NUMBER ONE IN THE WORLD!

# LEG SHOW

FEBRUARY, 1992  
\$4.95 U.S.  
\$6.95 CANADA

FEMALE  
FOOT SUCKER  
True Confession  
And Photos

STAND  
ON ME  
A Giantess  
Fantasy

CANDID  
PANTY  
PEEKS



INTENDED FOR  
MATURE READERS  
OVER THE AGE OF 18



02

4 **LEG FORTH**  
Let Fly

6 **LEG TALK**  
Befuddled

9 **CANDID EYES**  
Candid, Sincere and Truthful

14 **ELMER BATTERS**  
Mr. Famous Model

18 **HOME PHOTOS**

24 **TERRI**  
College Job

30 **JUDITH**  
Cuddling Lovers

36 **LAURIE**  
Color Pleasure

44 **PAULA**  
How Age Becomes a Fair

52 **HEALTH CLUB HARLOT**  
Pleasure in Pain

56 **VERONICA**  
Baby Face

62 **KIMBERLY**  
Unkissed

68 **WOMAN TO WOMAN**  
Confessions of a Female Foot Lover

74 **LORETTA**  
Don't Cross Her

80 **GLIMPSE**  
Beneath The Veilings

86 **THE END**

92 **THE END OF THE LINE**

LEO THOM MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1992

[illegible]

The photos, words and illustrations in the magazine are intended for fantasy purposes only. The editors do not suggest or encourage readers to act out fantasies contained herein. We encourage safe sex practices and present this magazine as a not-for-profit service to the community.



## STEPPING UP

Dear Dan:

Hello. This is my first letter to LEG SHOW. Understandably so. I'm just 18 and I've just read my first issue. My name is Gina and I go to school in Minnesota, but reside someplace else—no, men—I'm not telling where! I gave up my sophomore year of college for one reason—yes, it's my legs! Can you see why? The reason I bypassed school is because my boss (at that's what you want to call him) gave me a better offer—one which I couldn't refuse!

You see, after my freshman year, I took a summer job in the field that I want to go into. My father gave me the lead to one of his friend's companies, and I took a job as a part-time clerk, working for this 45-year-old man. He is married and has 3 daughters older than I am, but that didn't stop him from "ogling" me and making countless advances toward me. I'll admit, I am extremely attractive—have been since I was 12, but that didn't give the old fart the right to "come on to me." I mean, he has a wife and kids!

Well, I've changed my thinking now! After a month of complaints about my great legs (and pretty toes), the poor guy gave me an offer I just couldn't refuse. Granted, I sort of "teased" him by slipping off my shoes in the office to walk around in my stockings and feet, and dangled a heel from my toes whenever possible—a habit since Jr.

I high—so I guess the poor old fool couldn't take it, right?

One day he invited me to dinner at a local chic restaurant and I slipped out of my shoes and put my feet on the seat next to him, just to tease the old guy, right? Well, he bent over and started "smothering" my stockinged feet with kisses. I wasn't too surprised—I've always had pretty feet (size 6½), but most guys are usually after my tits or ass. Since I'm well built (5ft. 6in., 36D-22-35), I found it amusing. He then worshiped my toes at a \$95 per person restaurant!

Then he made me an offer. To be his mistress with no sex involved. He just wanted to worship my feet and serve me in any way I wanted. He offered me a great raise and an apartment rent free—I mean, a great

apartment, along with the use of a company car and a wardrobe. How many 20-hour per week file clerks do you know making \$28K per year and free clothes? Me neither. So, I took it. This old man pays dearly for the privilege of smelling my stinky feet, kissing them, sucking my toes, painting my toenails, and cleaning my apartment. I get a lot of money, a car, free rent in at least an \$800 a month condo, and the scummiest runt treats me like Cleopatra!

I never knew old men were so horny for young girls' feet, but he promises they are! I'm writing upon his "begging," but also to see if these letters are real. Life is sweet, and men are ridiculous!

Gina  
A mistress



## FOOT BALL

Dear Dan:

I want to tell you about a fabulous woman who has done so much for me. Her name is Jan, and I've known her over four years. Early in our relationship Jan discovered that I love being walked on, stomped, and trampled by her lovely feet in her 3-inch stiletto heels. At one point she even suggested that we put on some rock music (she likes rap) so that she could dance on my chest, abdomen and stiff cock.

I must say that Jan fulfills my foot fantasies. While dancing on my bare chest, she grinds the heels of her gorgeous size 7's into my cock and nipples while I tell her how much I adore being her rug. When we go out to dinner I ask that she dress up, preferably in a miniskirt with dark, often seamed, stockings and her highest heels. She looks lovely. I place my suit jacket on the car floor beneath her sensuous feet so that she can rub them on it and scrape off any dirt from her heels onto the jacket as we travel to the restaurant.

After dinner we go to a movie and find two seats in a corner. Several minutes later I hide down and lay on my back, fully dressed with the same suit jacket, expensive dress shirt and tie, on the disgusting floor which by now is loaded with discarded popcorn, pools of gooey soda and sticky chocolate. She fully expects this and gladly places her exquisitely heeled feet on my body. I'm happy to serve as her foot rest throughout the movie. She feels my erect cock through my trousers as she grinds my chest and abdomen. As Jan gets more excited by the movie, she grinds harder and faster while I massage and lovingly kiss her perfectly legs and nylon clad feet.

After the movie we walk to my car. As I unlock her door I quickly lay down on the pavement. She wipes her gorgeously heeled feet on my chest, then steps into the car.

Back at her place, she puts a chair next to me for balance as I lay naked on my back. She puts the music on

and dances on me, sometimes changing shoes, for close to one hour. As the enclosed photos show, we both love to see how many deep spike marks she can make all over me. Her metallic spikes are especially good for this.

As she dances on me, Jan often takes off one shoe and shoves her beautiful arima clad toes into my mouth. I gladly suck, lick and kiss those heavenly beauties while pumping my meat until I ecstatically explode my cum all over her legs, feet and heels. She loves how long I can stay hard, and continues dancing on me after I unload. She finally demands that I lick off every drop of my cum from her sensuous body.

Jan is every foot fetishist's dream. If you agree, please write. We have other photos we would like to share. Both Jan and I are also looking for other partners interested in doing this. Thanks.

Steve Z.  
Morris Plains, NJ



## ROOM SERVICE

Dear Dian:

I was traveling alone on a business trip to Toronto. As I was checking into my hotel room I overheard the couple behind me commenting on the LEG SHOW magazine which was visible in my attaché case which was opened on the desk.

I was relaxing in my suite when there was a knock on my door. Room service was delivering a bottle of champagne. The card accompanying the bottle read "Please join us for a show and dinner," signed Natalie & Victor Room 2864. I was a little taken back by this at the time and could not figure out who would have sent this. After some thought and several sips of champagne I remembered the couple that was behind me when I was checking in. They were a well dressed couple. He was a tall gentleman dressed in a double-breasted suit, while she was a striking looking lady with long black hair wearing a white pants suit. After several more glasses of champagne, I decided that it might be a more interesting evening with some company than it would be by myself. I called room 2864 and introduced myself and made arrangements to meet the couple in the bar at the hotel.

I dressed for the occasion, wearing a red silk dress, red nylons and red high heels. When I entered the bar, I spotted them immediately. They also were dressed to the nines. He was in a black tux and Natalie wore a long black dress. After some small talk in the bar we left the hotel to see the show Cels. Following the show we went to an elegant restaurant and had a wonderful dinner.

Upon returning to the hotel, I asked Natalie and Victor back up to my suite for a nightcap. Well, the nightcap turned into several more bottles of champagne. I was getting late and we were all feeling the effects of the champagne. The conversation turned to the LEG SHOW magazine which Victor had spotted earlier. I got out the magazine and Victor began paging through it.

While Victor was looking at the magazine Natalie turned her attention toward me by placing her hand

on my thigh. I leaned back to expose the top of my stockings and the bottom of my red garters. She seemed pleased by that. Victor was quite taken with the magazine and Natalie was quite taken with me. She continued to rub my thigh and nylons very seductively. By that time I was getting aroused. After several minutes she slid my silk dress up until she could see my shaved pussy, which was sizzling hot and soaking wet. By her smile I knew she approved.



I had never been approached by a woman in this way before. All I knew was that I was enjoying it, so I decided to lay back and let it happen. Natalie unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. She then removed her dress leaving only a black body stocking on. Victor was casually exchanging glances between the magazine and us. Our visual differences were very clear. I was blond, very tan, wearing only a red garter belt with red stockings and heels, while Natalie was extremely fair skinned with long straight black hair. She had a huge black bush pressed under her body stocking. Her pussy was quite a contrast to my bald cunt.

I was laying on my back while Natalie very sensually climbed on top of me licking and sucking my body. Her tongue probed my entree body. She gently bit my nipples and caressed my tits. I never felt such passion before. My pussy was throbbing, my entree body was on fire. The feel of her silk body stocking rubbing over my skin was orgasmic. Natalie then dropped her

head down between my thighs and started licking my pussy. She gently started biting my clit. My body couldn't stand any more. I was having orgasm after orgasm. When I opened my eyes I saw Natalie's face buried in my hole and Victor standing over us with one hand on his dick and the other hand softly rubbing my toes and foot. He started to kiss and lick, first my toes and foot, then my ankle, and finally all the way up my calf and thigh. He let out a moan and shot a huge warm

load of cum that saturated my red nylons all the way down my leg. I switched positions, putting Natalie beneath me. I was in a wild heated frenzy. I tore open the crotch of Natalie's body stocking with my teeth and shoved my face into the mass of black hair covering her pussy. The further I stuck my tongue up Natalie's hole the more she enjoyed it. She was screaming for me to get deeper and deeper up her. My whole face was engulfed in her. Her juices were dripping over my face. I just kept licking and sucking on her beautiful pussy. The whole time she had her hands anchored to my blonde hair pulling me closer to her.

The sight of us embodied together pleased Victor. He was enjoying the sight of his wife making passionate love with another woman. As he stood over us stroking his dick he encouraged us to continue our love making. For what seemed hours we continued to bring each other to climax after climax. Finally drained of energy we just laid together and fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I was alone in my bed. They had left without saying good-bye or leaving any type of note. I have never heard from or spoken to either one since that night in Toronto. Maybe they will read this and know what a special evening I had with them. I will never forget this carnal experience.

P.M. Person  
The Heartlands

## COMING CLEAN

Dear Dian:

I've been a big fan of your magazine ever since the LEG SHOW Lingerie issue in August of 1989. The luscious ladies in their hose, heels, and garters sure beat the old run of the mill beaver shots on other monthlies. Keep up the good work! I have to tell you about something that happened to me two weeks ago, in a laundromat, at all places. It was my first experience with a real nylon nymph and sure hope it won't be my last.

I was in Jacksonville on a business trip when my boss called and told me I had to extend my stay on the road. I had already been out for two weeks and I was nearly out of clean clothes. I called the hotel desk and got the location of a nearby twenty-four hour laundromat. It was about midnight when I carried my stuff inside.

The place was empty, but there was a motor home parked in the rear with the shades drawn and the interior lights on. The hand painted signs on the side and rear indicated that the motor home was full of college kids on their way to Daytona Beach for spring break.

I washed my clothes and began to transfer them to a dryer. At this point I discovered that most of the dryers had completed their cycles, but still had clothing inside. The rest were still running. I picked one of the stopped dryers and began removing the laundry, finding to my delight that much of the load consisted of sexy lingerie. Still warm from their recent tumble, the slick and slippery nylon panties, bras, and slips were a thrill to handle for a lonely man on the road. When I found the black lace garterbelts I got an instant hard-on. I

was standing there holding it when I heard a feminine giggle behind me.

"You got your kicks playing with women's underwear," said a sultry voice. "Or do you like to wear it?"

I felt the hot blood rush to my cheeks as I whirled to face my accuser, tossing the lace garterbelts back into the dryer like hot potatoes. There was a plump little brunette with shoulder length hair, tied back in a ponytail, and wearing a bright yellow spandex dress, black patterned stockings, and lipstick red spike heeled pumps. Her hands were on her hips and she hung her head to one side, looking at me like she was both pissed off and amused.

I tried to explain that I was only trying to get the use of the dryer, but she wasn't buying that story. She grabbed up her laundry and pried it on the folding table as I stammered and sweated through my explanation.

She was at least eighteen and she stopped chewing her gum long enough to tell me that I looked like a pervert to her, but she would believe me if I could help her fold her laundry without getting a hard-on. Since Mr. Winslow had shriveled and shrunk under my acute embarrassment, I thought I could get through the task without his pegging up again. I reached into the pile and pulled out anything that didn't look like lingerie. I began to fold and tried to make small talk.

She told me her name was Kristen and she was a freshman from a college in Pennsylvania. As she spoke she hepped up to sit on the table and crossed her nylon sheathed legs. I could hardly keep my eyes off her gorgeous gams as she dangled her shiny red pump from the tip of her toes. She knew she was getting to me and began to tease me by holding each pair of panties she folded at the front of her face and inspecting them before she folded them. She had the wildest taste in lingerie I've ever encountered. There were leopard print bikinis, candy striped briefs, and a red satin teddy trimmed in black lace that belonged to a LEG SHOW model. I begged to avoid peering at her little leane wearing it. Despite my best efforts, a new hard-on began to rise, and it did not escape Kristen's attention for long.

"I kind of thought you might be one of those guys who gets turned on by seeing like this," she laughed, holding up a pair of her hot pink satin panty pants with black lace trim and twirling it around on the end of her index finger. "I'll bet you a blow job that you can't wear these for five minutes without cumming all over them."

"You're giving me such a boner with your teasing," I managed to gasp. "You don't give a guy a chance, besides that, I get a blow job if I can hold out, but what do you get if I don't?"

The little mink licked her pink lips and said, "If you cum in my panties before five minutes are up, you have to leave them on while you kneel down in front of me and lap my pussy until I've had enough."

Now, Dian, if you or your readers don't think it was a Herculean task to wear those silky little panty pants for five minutes with a raging hard-on while that sexy little bitch wiggle around in front of me, fleshing her furry brown bottom and even fingering herself, you simply have no understanding of the situation. I would have made it too, if she hadn't taken off her spike-heeled pump and began to press the toe between the steaming gams of her ladies. I tried to close my eyes in pain, but the after image was still too much for me. My balls exploded, drenching the little pink panties with hot cum, as I dropped to my knees on the floor with Kristen's laughter ringing in my ears. The hot seed dripped out of the saturated panties and trickled down my leg.

"Time to pay up, asshole boy," Kristen said with a commanding tone. "I hope your tongue stays hard longer than your dick."

With that, the little bitch grabbed me by the hair and forced my face between her garter straps, jamming my eyes mouth into her sopping pussy. I felt her hot, attacked legs cross behind my back as she tugged her stretchy skirt over me like a hood. Kristen had the sweetest little pussy I've ever encountered and I set to work lapping it with a will. I rolled my tongue up an antrier and sucked her clit, bringing her to her orgasm in less than a minute. I lost track of

(continued on page 43)

## LEG TALK

# BACK TO THE BODY

**T**hey're running *Miss America* Pageant. You know these magazines are made months before you buy them, and I can't tell you, the pageant is still recent news. I've heard the flesh show some childhood as a kind of human home race. You know, pick one and cheer her on through the obstacle course. I loved seeing them parade around in their bathing suits, feet perched on high heels, showing off tits, butts, legs. These pageant girls of my youth were proud of their pretty faces and sexy bodies, and we watched them with equal pleasure.

Now the bathing suits are as banished "nausea" for the pageant. We're told they're wearing them so we can judge them on fitness, to assure we don't take a lot for a sex show, and we're shown only the ten semi-finalists, mostly just and gotten. I cover with soother can get on to important things, like the talent competition. What else? What hypocrisy. No one wants to hear bad opinions sung by college girls, and no one should have to. You can say what you will about the unsophisticated, unsocially correct fitness and stoves, but at least we were allowed our honesty then. The girls, excuse me, women, could admit they were competing on the field of beauty and we could admit we liked it that way. I don't remember as a child thinking they were hairless bunions because they were showing off their bodies, but I sure think they're hairless bunions now that so much of the contest focuses on their bums. I mean, make up your minds. If you want hairy, bring back Ted Mack. I liked his show too. Let us have our flesh shows without shame. The opponents of pageants claim if we don't see the ladies' brains, their talent, their sparkling wit and opinions on world affairs, we'll all assume they're lame. I say that's some personal projection on the part of the insecure demons who believe themselves to be seen as brainless. And what's wrong, really, with enjoying only one side of a person in some meaningless entertainment event? No one says that we're making a woman an "infectious object" when we pay attention only to her brain. Is Mother Theresa a "spiritual object" because no one looks past her religious piety? We're all made up of many things, many sides, and I say in a truly enlightened society we should be able to look and admire any one of those sides without the assumption that that is our sum total. More important, I believe we can.

I love to dress up in my sexy clothes, the kind you see me wearing here, and go out with my lover. What fun is it to wear my body, the body I work hard to maintain through diet and exercise, for maximum pleasure. I get a thrilling sense of power and excitement from seeing my effect on the men we pass on the street. It's made all the more fun by my lover's vulnerability to my sexy display. Being very sexual, like most of you men, he's hypnotized by what I show—and by what I hide. He also enjoys the mischievous stare of other men, being normally competitive. A dinner out dressed like this, relying on my role as sex object, is deliciously prolonged and complex, and you all know we women need more complexity. Yeah, I swing my legs wide when I exit a car, to give that tempting glimpse up the skirt, and I draw my hand under the table to show that I long for my partner. Do others check and pass their lips and madder that I'm a slut? Yes. Am I? No. These people's opinions don't change my reality one bit. Being a sex object for a night doesn't lower my IQ a single point. It doesn't affect my ability to carry on an intelligent conversation or go to work the next day and produce my magazines in my "weak object" mode. I can enjoy being appreciated for my looks alone without giving up anything. This seems to be hard for many women today to appreciate. I guess it's the pendulum effect. They felt beauty was all they had to offer in the past, so in response they now swing to the other extreme and want to make beauty meaningless, its recognition shallow and even threatening.

Lighten up! We all want to be found attractive, men and women alike. Being pretty doesn't mean we're dumb, but it also doesn't mean we're smart, it's simply a quality that some possess and there's nothing wrong in acknowledging we take pleasure in it. Those who wish to compete with their brains have plenty of opportunity without all this shame.

I say, make the pageants more beauty oriented. Make it clear that all the contestants are being judged on looks, to quell those fears that little girls watching will take this as the sum total of female worth, and then kick out the judges!

I'd like to see a larger category added, and the phony concept of controversy between the contestants eliminated. These women aren't friends, they're competitors, and it'd be great to see them aggressively battling it out for the big money. I believe if you gave these young women carte blanche to fight for the title, the bucks, and the status, any way they chose, there would be no question about their intelligence. The contestant one actually would win because it'd take superior cunning to beat the competition in a free-for-all of this magnitude.

Best, it'd be great entertainment for the American public, and isn't that what it's all about? How many think about *Miss America* after she's crowned? It's like TV competition that causes it to be a lot like a sporting event, and I say we shouldn't clutter it up with intellectual meaning any more than we should demand ballet of the Houston Oilers at half time.

—Drew

## Candid Legs

**H**ere's some pictures of my sweetie. Maybe you've seen her in LEG SHOW Home Photos.

We've received so many responses that we couldn't answer them all when she appeared there. So these are for all of you we didn't get back to.

DeeJay loves posing for sexy pictures and we love trading them. I try to buy my sweetie the sexiest clothes and underwear I can find. She really loves to dress up and go out in public and tease men. It turns me on to watch the reaction she gets. And she is way cool, cuz if she notices other chicks in short skirts, she'll give me a nudge so I can take a look.

"We'd really like to get in touch with other exhibitors. We're not into selling photos, just trading, but we've had some bad experiences. If you will send a photo with your letter, we'll respond with photos of DeeJay in even kinkier situations, but if you don't send a photo, we can't write back. That doesn't mean you can't write and tell DeeJay your wild fantasies about her though. She loves that kind of appreciation, especially if it includes details of how you jerked off to her photos. That's the whole reason she exhibits herself in the first place!"

DeeJay

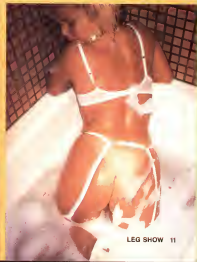
676 E. South Temple

#275

Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

LEG SHOW 9

DeeJay,  
Salute to you







# ELMER BATTERS

## My Favorite Model

**W**hen I say Caruschka was my favorite, I don't just mean me. No girl in the history of my leg art business has attracted as many admirers as she. Kind of hard to believe these days, I know, since she's a little heavier than the fashion. Caruschka has charisma though, and it still shines through. She also has a beautiful set of full, shapely legs, firm thrusting tits, and delicate, high arched feet. But are these the things that make us love a woman? I think not.

"I think love, or even sexual attraction, comes from the sparkle in a girl's

eyes, the tilt of her eyebrow, and the way her lips curl into that provocative smirk that hooks a man's soul like a hapless mackerel. There is Caruschka's strength. Her face seduces me even now, these twenty-five years later, as it has seduced thousands of you.

"Go ahead and give in to her. Even back in the unliberated time when these photos were taken, Caruschka was a girl who loved men to masturbate over her. Yeah, she was a tease, but isn't every woman worth a damn?"

—Elmer







## VIDEO TAPES

If the **SUCCULENT TOES** of a **PRETTY GIRL** STIMULATES your **SEXUAL APPETITE** then I have the **SEXIEST THING** next to the **REAL THING** when it comes to **STIMULATING** your **SEXUAL APPETITE** i.e. **VIDEO TAPES** in **COLOR** and **SOUND** featuring the **SUCCULENT TOES** of 40 different **PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS**

**EACH ONE HOUR VIDEO TAPE** consists of 10 different **PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS** and their **SUCCULENT TOES** in **FULL COLOR** and **SOUND**.

PART I (10 different girls)	\$80.00 ( )
PART II " "	\$80.00 ( )
PART III " "	\$80.00 ( )
PART IV " "	\$80.00 ( )
ALL 4 PARTS (40 girls)	\$300.00 ( )

Specify ( ) VHS ( ) BETA

Send your **MONEY** **ELMER BATTERS**  
**ORDER** or **CASH** to: **PO BOX 1707**  
**SAN PEDRO, CALIF**  
 90731

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
 STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**SORRY!! NO C.O.D.s or PERSONAL CHECKS**

# Home

## PHOTOS

Debi D'Amo

Since discovering LEG SHOW my wife finally understands the thrill I feel when she lets me show her off to others. I love taking her out in very short dresses with high heels. It would be a fantasy come true to hear what some of the men who see her think. She is already fantasizing about the mail so send letter and/or photos with SASE.

R. B.  
16781 Torrence Ave.  
P.O. Box 123  
Lansing, IL 60438



1



2



3



4



5

Dear LEG SHOW

I am dedicating these photos to all leg lovers and to my husband who has always allowed me to exhibit myself to the public. Guys, write me and tell me what you think of my body. I may pose for more. Write specifically what you'd like to see me in. I like to wear tight miniskirts and high heels, especially transparent ones. I love the idea of you guys creaming with my photos.

4 6 5 7

J.W.  
P.O. Box 44129  
Indianapolis, IN  
46244-0129



6



7



**Dear LEG SHOW:**

Many of you women readers have written to ask if it hurts when I walk on my boyfriend Dick in spike heels. No, of course not! It's just like walking on a gravel lawn: the heel sinks in real deep in some spots, not so deep in other spots. Sometimes it's a little hard to keep my balance, but it certainly doesn't hurt me!

Send SASE to Leanne Ann Krush  
P.O. Box 1067  
Watertown, MA  
02272-1067

**Dear Dan:**

These photos are dedicated to all tickle fans out there. Please surprise my boyfriend by pressing them. Anyone interested in more write and send us an SASE.

A N A  
P.O. Box 660319  
Bronx, N.Y. 10469

**Dear Dan:**

We received so many letters last time our photos ran we couldn't answer all of them. My wife loves hearing from leg lovers, especially the women.

L&L  
P.O. Box 841  
Scranton, Pa. 18501



**Dear LEG SHOW:**

I love your magazine, it shares a foot lover's dream come true. If only other people knew how the feet are exotic. I am writing to share these photos of my very special friend. She was never into letting men touch her feet, but I sure changed that. Share the photos with your readers so they can cum to understand what I do.

Feetsex Lover





Dear Home Photos  
My lady and I both love the magazine so we are sending in these photos for your readers to enjoy. If any of them want to correspond and trade photos they can write

Box Holder  
P.O. Box 325  
Staten Island, N.Y.  
10309

23 24

Dear LEG SHOW

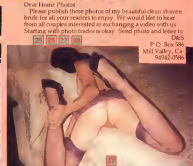
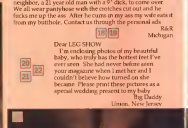
This is my sexy wife. Our favorite pastime is for our neighbor, a 21 year old man with a 9" dick, to come over. We all wear pantyhose with the crotches cut out and he fucks me up the ass. After he comes in my ass my wife eats it from my asshole. Contact us through the personal ads

R&R  
Michigan

Dear LEG SHOW

I'm enclosing photos of my beautiful baby, who truly has the hottest feet I've ever seen. She had never before seen your magazine when I met her and I couldn't believe how turned on she became. Please print these pictures as a special wedding present to my baby

Big Daddy  
Union, New Jersey



Dear Home Photos  
Please publish these photos of my beautiful clean shaven bride for all your readers to enjoy. We would like to hear from all couples interested in exchanging a video with us. Starting with photo trades is okay. Send photo and letter to

D&S  
P.O. Box 596  
Mid Valley, Ca  
94742-0596

25 26 27 28



**TERRI:**

*Perfect Job*



**I**s a thirty-something exhibitionist I have the perfect job. My ex-uncle left me a big old Victorian rooming house in Cambridge, Massachusetts and I've turned it into student housing. Okay, so being a landlady to a bunch of college kids might not seem ideal, but it's so right for me.

"First of all, I pretend to be a real prude and advertise that I rent only to boys. No girls allowed on the premises at any time and I have a rigidly enforced curfew of eleven o'clock every night. I claim this is to make sure the boys study hard and maintain high moral fiber. Parents love this and pay very good prices to keep their boys at my house. The boys often grumble about it—but only at first.

"It doesn't take long for them to realize their prison is actually a paradise. One meal at our communal table usually does it. Their eyes pop right out when I make my entrance in black seamed stockings, high spike heels and low cut cocktail dress. I like to make the new boys feel at home by personally serving them, standing just a bit too close so that my silky stockings rub against their legs and my cleavage dangles tantalizingly close. The other boys love the show as the naive initiate struggles to keep his erection under control. 'Mmm, don't you find it hard to



concentrate on your dinner with this big distraction in your pants?" I merrur, stroking him through his pants with my long, lacquered nails. A low titter runs through the boys. They know what's about to happen, as they've all been in his place.



"Here, turn your chair and I'll take care of your problem," I tell the boy. The chair is turned away from the table and I gently urge his legs apart, nudging both my sleek nyloned legs between them. I often have to pry his hands off his fly, but they all give me access to their zippers when I insist. I fire his pulsing cock and stroke it a few times. Cocks feel so hot when first removed from the pants, so wonderfully hard and alive. They feel even better trapped between my nyloned thighs, and I waste no time clamping it there.

"So, standing with my dress bunched up around my hips, I cup his oozing cock between my knees and rapidly rub my legs back and forth against it. The more experienced boys, the ones who've been boonding longer, know to grasp my legs and fuck my thighs aggressively, but the frightened/excited new boys are a special treat for an experienced woman like me. Being the first to milk a boy with legs, to be pivotal in forming his fetish, is exciting beyond words. I know that when he squirts onto my nylons and sees his juices staining my stockings he'll be a slave to leg sex for life. And I'm the one he'll think of when he masturbates to such exciting images.



"Each night a different boy gets to star in my 'dinner theater.' I let each keep the stockings he soiled as a special souvenir, and of course, to further entrap him into leg sex."



"My boys really do study hard and get good grades, by the way. That's because they know if their grades go down their parents might take them out of my special boarding house, and once they've had a taste of Terri, nothing else will do."









I'm a legal secretary and I can describe my job in one word: BORING! Actually a lot more words came to mind, like, stuffy, uptight, repressed and puritanical. These damn lawyers are dry as Death Valley and as a healthy, strong-minded young woman I've finally had my fill. Now I'm having fun.

"It starts when they come in the morning. Instead of my conservative old suits I now dress in tight minidresses and sexy lace stockings. My old two inch heels have been replaced by four inch spikes and blatant makeup replaces the old subdued schoolmarm look. Oh, how they all frown at me as they file in. I could give a shit. Just let them fire me, after working here a year I know the name of each of their mistresses and her home address. One call to wife and they'd need lawyers of their own—divorce lawyers. I've made them all aware of these unpleasant facts and so all they can do is fume helplessly. And indulge my desires.

"What I enjoy the most is toying with their libidos. I'll saunter into

one of their offices and announce, 'Isn't it time for some dictation?' They're all so afraid of me whoever I've chosen will cringe back in his fine leather chair and protest that everything's fine, he doesn't need me. I'll perch on the desk, cross my legs slowly, giving him a good, lingering look up my dress and say, 'Oh, but I think you do need me. Your penis seems to be saying you need me very much.' And it's true, his cock will be straining at his trousers and he'll be sweating and doing everything he can to hide it from me. I'll start dangling one pump, flipping it around on my toes and his eyes are helplessly drawn to it. He'll be trying to hide his cock with his hands by this time and I'll laugh out loud, mocking his pathetic efforts at sexual control. I'll let my shoe slip from my toes to the floor and then kick his hands away from his cock with my stocking toe.

"What are you hiding there, you naughty old pervert?" I snap. Then as he quivers in shame and lust, I wrap my toes around his boner and massage it through his trousers. 'Take my other shoe off,' I say in my



cool, firm sone, 'and pull these stockings off' if he whimpers, as they are all wont to do, or even dares to refuse, as some will do, I dig my toenails cruelly into his cock and repeat my order. None deny me the second time.

"When he gets my stockings off the real foot torment begins. I like to clamp one hot aromatic foot over his nose and mouth while the other continues to dig at his cock. All the time he has a direct view up my skirt to my pastyless cunt and throbbing, suckable asshole. I keep stroking his cock and forcing the

on it worship of my foot until the stuffy old creep shivers out a big wet load into his nice expensive trousers. Then he has to lick any of his cum that leaked through his trousers off my foot before I get on with the morning's work.

"The others all shake when they see me exiting the office in my bare feet because they know I won't stop until I've used them all. Sometimes over and over.

"The actual job is still boring, but the fringe benefits more than make up for it now."





# LAURIE

I'm not ashamed to be submissive. I know girls who dress in black leather and chains and walk around acting so tough and beating on guys even, who secretly crave to be thrown down and solidly fucked. There's something so naturally feminine about being submissive, about opening your legs and



giving yourself up to a man. It doesn't mean you can't take yourself back after he lds you with semen, but I think a lot of insecure girls think that way, like that dick will take possession of them like a pod from *Ironman*. Of *The Body Snatchers*, I don't think that'll happen, but it sure would be fun!

"I dream of a man who would take possession of me. I fantasize that he would send a high-tech electronic slave

collar around my neck, like I saw in some science fiction movie, where he could just push a button and I would lose all my personal power and become his helpless servant. Of course, I'd be dressed in one of those wildly sexy outfits like the girls in those cheesy sci-fi movies wear. Maybe a tiny, tight dress provocatively ripped away to expose my lovely legs encased in silky black stockings. My impossibly high heels

would be padlocked by tight leather bands encircling my ankles to increase my helpless vulnerability.

I'd be a nice girl, you must understand. I'd be so ashamed of all the filthy things he'd make me do, but since I was powerless to stop them I'd also be free to utterly enjoy them. It would be like that 'R' word sex 're not allowed to say on print, I'd have to just let him back and

Photo: A.



He'd enjoy using my body in public. Because of his political power no one could dare censor him, but all would stare, many discreetly playing with themselves, as he pounded his cock into me in the public square. Nothing would be out of the question to him, and he would also violate my zone in public for everyone to see, commanding me to fuck my cunt with a giant black dildo as he stretched my asshole. And no one would know, for at his side me would be those acts through the correct collar, so none would see it. They'd think I willingly decided myself this way.

He would delight in presenting his big cock to lick clean after he'd unloaded in my six often firms, and would call to the crowds to continue fucking my asshole I sucked him to another climax. I'd feel their cum load after load, pouring from my asshole and entering down my shaky legs as they sodomized me. Worst, he could command me to love what they were doing to me and even through my intense shame I'd have deep, wrenching orgasms, until my knees buckled and, unable to stand on my six inch spike heels any longer, I'd collapse to the pavement.

The finale would be the trip home. He would proudly parade me through the streets of the city, my dress pulled up to expose my gaping ass, and cum soaking my stockings. Even my shoes would squish as I walked, since cum had run down my legs and pooled in there. Oh, it would be so humile I just can't be 'p but masturbate when I think of it! But then, what is sex without ambiguity?"



# WILD DESIRES QUICK RELEASE

**WET AND JUICY LICK MY LIPS!**



1-800-873-WETT  
(23181)  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**MISTRESS DIANE SAYS**



WICK ME UP TO  
GOOD HAYBALS  
LET ME PLAY  
WITH YOURSELF  
1-800-477-2888  
QUALITY ORAL SEX  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK

**SHOVE YOUR COCK BETWEEN MY TITS THEN SHOOT YOUR COME ON MY LIPS**



1-800-759-3669  
QUALITY ORAL SEX  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK

**I'LL BE YOUR SLUT**



PUT IT ANYWHERE YOU WANT!

212-643-2694  
FREE SADDY SAMPLES BY PHONE  
ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY

**Smash & Roast!**



**Hot Women Sex Fantasies!**

1-800-866-5223  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**TALK LIVE TO ME PLEASE!**



1-900-866-7511  
STRICTLY ADULTS  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK  
ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY

**I'LL MAKE YOU COME!**



1-800-666-MAKE  
(6253)  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**COME IN MY FACE I LOVE IT!**



1-800-444-5578  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**Live sex party**



READY WHEN YOU ARE  
1-800-289-4739  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**Shaved Pussies Sex Better**



1-800-873-2882  
ADULTS OVER 21 ONLY. 30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**PINCH THEM, SQUEEZE THEM**



I need it so bad!  
1-800-933-TITS  
(8497)  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

**SIZZLING PHONE SEX!**



ALL FANTASIES AND FEEDBACKS  
1-800-855-8668  
HOT OR MILD? ASK US TODAY!  
30 MINUTE TOUCH TALK (NO NEEDS)

## LETTERS

(continued from page 7)

time after that, swirling and teasing her oozing honeypot until I could feel her approaching the edge, then letting her hang there for a few seconds until she was crying out to cum before I'd press her little man in the boat between my tongue and upper lip to send her hurtling into orbit.

Krsten thrashed her legs in the air and dug her heels into my back as I rose up and toppled her on to the folding table. I slipped my hands under her bouncing bottom and snapped her garters. As she soaked that hole had enough, I bore down harder on her synapse snatch and poked a finger up her burghole that sent her into a final orgasm. The twisting, thrashing little coed arched her back, went rigid, and then collapsed in a pool of her own pussy juices.

When Krsten recovered her senses she allowed as how she felt she owed me that blow any way. I was in no frame of mind to argue and I peeled those sticky top pants off and gave her a clear field. She worked her oral magic on my thrusts, cleaning up my juice and swallowing every drop with a smile of contentment. At the end of her second sack-off there was a sound of applause from her three companions who had climbed out of the motor home to retrieve their own laundry from the dryers. They had been watching as since I had pushed Krsten over onto her back, and had thoroughly enjoyed the show.

The other girls wanted to invite me along on their southbound trip to Daytona, but business dictated that I head north to Atlanta (instead they tried to tempt me by describing some fantastic sexual adventures I could share with them, but I had to turn them down. I don't know who was more disappointed.

Krsten helped me dry and fold my laundry before she kissed me goodbye and I headed back to my hotel. In the morning, when I went to pack the clean clothes, I found a pair of black satin briefs trampled in red lace tucked away among my shorts. There was a note attached that promised me a real good time the next time I'm in Ft. Lauderdale. It was signed by Krsten and her three playmates.

I plan to visit our customers in the Keys: State just as soon as I can find a reason. Wouldn't you?

Andy Florida

## PARK & SPARK

### Dear LEG SHOW

My husband has been reading your magazine since about 1980. He's always horny from looking at your girls, so that makes your magazine a success. I don't mind because I love to get laid and I know that when he's finished looking at it he always fucks me. However, I think I've got you beat. I've been dressing up in skirts, stockings, and garters for longer than I can remember. I'm 38 years old now, and I enjoy dressing sexy and having men check me out. I still wear stockings even though everyone else wears pantyhose. The effect that stockings and garters have on men I think is better than when a girl is all encased in pantyhose. So I think that I've been teasing and flashing longer than you have.

Anyway, dressing up in this fashion and always keeping my legs spread just a little bit has provided me with my affairs. My husband and I fuck a minimum of twice a week. I've also had a minimum of three affairs per week. I've been married 18 years, but I've been fucking for 22 years. Of course, he doesn't know about me fucking on the side and I've kept a good secret for 18 years—why should I ruin a good thing? Doing some simple arithmetic I figure I've been fucked around six thousand times and I'm proud to report my pussy is still enjoyably tight.

I had an experience recently that was unique for me. I was on my way home from work and of course I wasn't paying attention to what I was showing. I was dressed in a black mini, white stockings, white blouse, and my 38D bra with its matching blue panty and garters. I was stopped by a young couple and informed that they couldn't take their eyes off me. The girl asked me if I'd be interested in making a threesome. I told them that I never made it with a girl before, but I didn't mind fucking her husband

She asked if it was okay if she watched, and off we went. They said they knew of a park nearby that was very secluded. I don't mind fucking in public, it adds to the excitement. We reached our hideaway and the guy I'll call Ed asked me to just remove my panties and fuck him dressed. Off came my pants and out came his dick. He was still limp, but his wife's mouth took care of that. As soon as it got hard he was ready for me. Ed asked me to get on my hands and knees. I felt his cock go between my open thighs. His left hand reached to my breasts and started fondling them through my blouse. He then unbuttoned my blouse and continued to fondle my breasts covered in.

At this point I felt a stabbing pain in my asshole. He had impaled my ass with his cock in one ruthless plunge. I couldn't even scream and I thought I would pass out. Until this time I had a virgin asshole. After a short time the pain subsided. Ed started doing with his cock to the tip and sliding it back in until his balls were against my pussy. When I got accustomed to getting balled in the ass it actually was exciting. When I started fucking back I felt a strange sensation at my pussy. His wife was under us and she was eating me out. It really became a nice experience. Everything I had that could be used in sexplay was being attended to.

Ed and his wife, Suzy, took care of my back section for quite some time. Ed had also managed to pull my left tit out of my bra and was milking at my nipple. I could tell that Ed was near cumming. I could feel my own orgasm nearing also. Being overwhelmed by just I motioned for Suzy to spread in front of me. For the first time in my life I ate out another woman. This was a beautiful experience. The three of us came together.

Since then we've become friends and have sex together on a regular basis. The situation has changed me completely. I still flash with my short skirts, and I still fuck a lot, but now I do enjoy making it with another woman also. Shaping up a nice pussy is as satisfying as sucking cock. I think all your female readers should try it. It sure surprised me.

A friend of LEG SHOW



# PAULA

*New Age Inquisition*



Things must have changed an awful lot in the last twenty years. Being only eighteen I can't be expected to know what went on before I was born, even, but it seems most of you grew up terribly sexually repressed. My teachers call it morality, but it makes no sense to me. Like this stuff about fidelity in marriage. What's the point? All you forty year old men want desperately to do the nasty with cute young girls like me. And I'll bet your wives are just as hot for the smooth young studs I date. But can you just come out and ask for a fuck? No way! You'd rather suffer, mumbling about sin and other silly shit. I could understand if it was jealousy, but most of you are past the point of thinking your wife might leave you, after fifteen or more years of marriage. You actually deny yourselves pleasure because you think you'll go to Hell or something. It blows my mind, to use one of my father's silly hippy expressions. It also provides me with a lot of fun.

"I've found that all your guilt makes you very inventive.



Perverted in other words. You know fucking's a sin, so you come up with these devout ways around it. Like, if you just snuffed my stocking foot and maybe licked my toes some it wouldn't be a sin. Because I wouldn't be touching your penis, which I wouldn't do for all the money in the world anyway, you old degenerate sinner. Oooh, see how guilty that makes you feel? But your boner gets harder the guiltier you feel? I know you like a book and can burn you down just as easily as some stuffy old book would go up in flames.

"You like it when I'm mean to you, don't you? Being a good boy you know everything is forgiven as long as you're punished for your sin. So if I'm really mean to you, if I let you know what a really disgusting damnable sinner you are, then you can actually let yourself enjoy snuffing these tender, sweet beautiful feet of mine. They're so soft on the bottoms you couldn't even comprehend without getting close to them. My toes are delicate morsels, round and pink and begging for a nibble. My sandal-foot seamed stockings are a wussy veil, giving this succulent package just the right touch of mystery, and the right sweet/pungent scent.

"What do you think, Mr. Sinner? Would it be a terrible sin if you masturbated while you smiled and sucked my toes? I'd have to punish you more firmly to pay back that sin, wouldn't I? Each one of you guilt-ridden old married men knows just what the punishment should be to atone. I want you to imagine me performing that punishment while you masturbate to my photos here. Press your nose and lips against the centerfold photo and picture that ultimate punishment, that sin-cleansing act of coitus while you beat out a load for me.

"You sure are a laughably backed up bunch of decrepots, but for all the hours of fun you give me, I love you anyway."





# LEG SHOW





**G**od he was cute. And built too. My eyes went right to him, to his broad chest that stretched the white knit shirt he wore. He was just right, not all muscular and bulky, but well defined; slim in the waist, fat in the stomach. And the way the nylon fabric of his workout pants gathered in his crotch—nice and tight and full. Great.

pulse, to uncoil, to make its presence known. Just the response I wanted. What else did he see? He saw my high, rounded tits, almost bursting the spandex bandeau top that contained them. I am, shall we say, generously endowed, my tight support bra holding me up and apart. The material is strong, but thin, betraying my nipples as they gathered themselves to hard points. A peculiar, but pleasant feeling.

upward harder than ever. Clinging smooth pink elastic gripped my pussy. I could almost hear him gasp.

He waited 'til the class was over, watching as I bent my body forward from the waist, deliciously amber and supple, my high and arched buttocks, cheeks cupped in shapely tight lycra, stretched so far you could almost see the tan of my ass right through it, narrow pink thing covering my pussy

## HEALTH CLUB HARLOT

### Her Workout Was Working Him Over

BY ALANA

He was the first thing I saw when I arrived to teach my aerobics class at the new health club. He was at the front desk, checking in some overweight guy who was making a vain attempt to get back into shape.

"Toughies are awol, hello," he said, stopping in the middle of a sentence and turning his attention to me. I'm used to it. Poor fool, he was so impressed that his eyes didn't know where to go first. I knew just then that I could have whatever I wanted out of him, that he'd follow me around like a puppy if I gave him even the slightest encouragement.

"May I help you?" He couldn't help smiling.

I'm Alana, the new aerobics instructor. "He was mine at once, staring at me with all his might."

And I gave him plenty to stare at. Since it was my first day, I'd bought a whole new exercise outfit. White shimmering tights hugged my long dancer's legs, outlining the lean muscles of my thighs, the roundness of my calves and the superb definition of my ass. To set off my slim ankles and delicate feet I'd selected the most heart-breaking little pink ankles and high top heels. He looked down at my shoes for a long time. Did he want to pull them off of me, to inhale the mysterious aroma of my sweaty feet? If he begged enough, would I let him?

Above, I'd pulled on a skin tight pink leotard that bugged my hips and waist. It was cut very high in the leg, pulled up right in my crotch, a delightful accent to the flare of my hips and the long flowing sweep of my belly.

Poor guy. As fit and well-assured as he was, he couldn't control his hungry gaze, and aside his blue nylon gym pants the bulge I'd noticed began to

in case you're wondering.

"I'm left. Nice to meet you. The studio is at the top of the stairs to the right. Class starts in ten minutes."

"I'd better hurry then."

"Will you be around afterward?" He didn't waste any time, and neither did he hard-on, as it betrayed to me its rapidly thickening desire.

"No, I don't think so." I turned away, leaving him there with his hunger, his desire, the very beginnings of his demanding erection.

I took my time walking up the stairs, showing just what he hadn't yet seen. My ass, round, firm and high, clothed in shimmering white lycra, rising from side to side as I climbed. And between my cheeks the tight thin strap of the pink thong leotard lifted and separated me, held tightly to the bulge of my pussy. His nose burned on my long, tight legs and my succulent ass. I've been teaching aerobics and working out for over ten years, perfecting my body, doing plenty of exercises for exactly those muscles. I was surprised that I felt didn't make little noises as he worked my ass away from side to side. Most men do.

"Five, six, seven, eight," I counted, lying on the soft floor mats of the aerobics studio an hour later. My hips bops pushed and pulled upward into the air as I counted.

Jeff was watching around the door, peeking around the corner, trying not to betray his interest in the hot pussy he could see so clearly. From his angle, he was looking right between my legs, at my tight thighs and my pretty crotch, now wet with perspiration and—something else. Tightened my legs, clenched the cheeks of my ass even more firmly, outlining them to his gaze, and pushed

When all the students had left, he gathered up his courage and ventured in.

"You're a good teacher. Everybody seemed to like the class." He could barely speak.

"I've got plenty of experience," I said. Slowly, and with great calculation, I turned my back on him, bending over to pick up my towel and hand weights. I kept my legs straight, giving him a superb view of my gleaming ass, now even tighter from the lip and thigh exercises we'd just finished.

"I can see that. Listen, I close up the club in about an hour. Would you like to go out for something?"

"No." I picked up my music cassette and turned toward him, standing very close. My right hand slowly crept between his thighs, cupping his cock and balls in strong finger through supple fabric. He was wearing some kind of tight jock strap or bikini brief in there, and he made a nice meaty package in my hand, hot and full and growing. He was pulsing, lengthening in my grip. "But may be some other time. Maybe."

Just like a man, his right hand immediately came up to feel the moist fabric covering my tip. He pressed so much.

"You touch me and I'll stop," I breathed to him. He pulled his hand back as though I'd shocked him, but I stopped anyway, because I knew to leave him like that. I made sure to tighten my ass as I walked toward the door, leaving him alone with his futile desire. "Turn the lights off, will you?"

He thrashed over me for weeks, I could see it. When I pranced in and out of the health club in my tight spandex outfits he almost grabbed himself to ease his aching cock. I planned my sex

fits, played them. One day, a once unnamed man in yellow, covering me from neck to ankle, outlining the sweep of my belly, every curve of long firm thigh, even the little dimples right at the top of my ass. For a moment I wore a wide black elastic belt around my slim waist, trailing my legs like lead, accenting my firm tits. The bodysuit was cut with a back seam that traced the tight fabric up into my ass, each firm cheek in its own compartment of smooth spandex. In front my smooth pussy, barely outlined, made a lovely little mound.

## Leaving the gym, strong legs inhibiting blow routines

Finally, I chose the night I knew that Jeff had to close up the gym and I was scheduled for the last class. There was a good chance I could get him alone. I'd thought about my outfit for weeks. It was obvious that he liked my exercise nights, the little thing bottoms that tucked up into my ass, the shiny fabric that made my legs seem even longer. With some men it's a game, with some it's a goddess, but Jeff was the kind I especially like... the kind who rolls over at the sight of a lean, firm female body like mine, all hard tits and tight ass and potent pussy, huge and molded by a thin film of superlight, stretchy, shiny spandex that clings to every curve, holds my tits out firmly, gathers around my pussy.

I decided to be simple. A pair of thin shiny thighs, almost like deep black nylons, covered my legs. The smooth flesh of my ass showed through even more than usual, an obvious hint at tan lines shadowed in my ass black meat. I had on a plain black halter top, but a tight one, shiny, clinging, a wide elastic belt around my slim waist, covering me prettily from just above my pussy to just below my thighs.

But the best was down below. The best: that young party in a shocking red hugged my ass and my belly, the juncture of my thighs. But I must admit that I'd done a very wicked thing.

At home before class, I'd carefully removed the stretch stitching of the shimmering Danish lights, just enough so I could pull my belt, wet, shoudent pussy lips right through the clinging black material. The thing I thought I wore around my loins actually held the swollen naked lips of my pussy in a loving grip. On my first, bright red baby cheeks, and new ankle top and sneakers it was all so easy.

"Jeff, could you see me after you close up?" I'm having trouble with the stereo."

"Sure... of course," he thundered, trying to look right through the trash can I'd worn over my outfit. What did she have under there, he must have wondered. How was her tight body enclosed today? In gleaming black that carcassed every curve? Did her ungodly ass stretch the fabric as it had in days past? I was going to let him find out... but he had to do it my way. As I expected, he was at the door to the aerobic room the second the class was over.

"I'll be right back. I have to chase

"Come on," he said, reaching for me I pulled back, not letting him put his hands on the tight flesh he so obviously desired.

"Watch," I whispered, and stepped up onto the little stage. I was surrounded by mirrors and spotlights as I pulled the dampy halter top slowly off my firm, high tits. The nipples, hardened, pointed at him like accusing little fingers. His cock jumped and jerked. Then I posed for him, hands on my waist, wearing nothing but impossibly tight shiny black leggings, an affectionate thigh party, my baby socks and sensible shoes. Every curve I'd worked so hard to develop, was clearly defined, so elegant, long and feminine, they all comforted him, demanding, challenging.

And he had a special treat, because I was looking wet with perspiration after the aerobic class. Around my loins the fabric was hot and slick and wet and oozing. Glancing in the mirror, I noted with delight that my smooth shaved pussy was clearly visible, the shiny black elastic clinging to it, outlining every lovely fold. I'm proud of my pussy, but then I have reason to be.

"You want this?" I asked, running one finger along the slit of my pussy, pushing the shiny material even further aside. "Then be down."

He was on his back as a heartbeat, the silly boy, inn and pretty, his elegant neck exposed, his head coming from the base of his heaving belly, I smiled.

Carefully, I stood over him, one foot on each side of his chest, facing his feet. His view of my wickedly curving ass, all tight and clenching muscle, had never yielded him, because I never him gasp. Then, when I lowered myself down to him, when I spread my ass cheeks with my hands to engulf his entire face, when he felt the warmth of my stretched pussy on his mouth through the thin material, wet and fragrant from perspiration and my own fervent fluids, all he could do was open wide and moan and gasp with his cock and squeeze and writhen beneath me.

"That's what I want to see," I cooed

## Leaving the gym, strong legs inhibiting blow routines

to him. "Let me see you pull your peak. I'll never let you put it inside me, so you'd better get whatever satisfaction you can."

But oh, the bastard was good with his hands. He sort of pinched my pussy, the feel of the sex wet then fabric burning against his mouth, the sensation of my firm athletic thighs caressing his face, the tightness of my ass

cheeks around his nose, all combined to inspire him, to drive him to new heights.

I felt his hand, determined tongue spear my crotch, exploring as best it could through the fabric. And then he found the hard nub of my clitoris, blew him, and did a little tap dance on it with his tongue. The sight of his hands squeezing his cock, palming up and down on the hard meat, shivered me almost as much as his tongue. Drops of hot juice flew everywhere. I pumped my hips on his face, he tasted sweet fluids and sweat, he moaned, he cried out, he went crazy. But I knew I could make him crazy.

"Now watch this," I breathed to him as he looked up at me from the padded floor. Such longing and desire in his eyes!

I peeled down my tight little panties. Abundant pussy lips came into his view, elegant folds that exploded through the shiny material, pretty pink against midnight black. They pointed outward, dripping, moving themselves as if his balls did, blowing him little pussy kisses.

Then, quickly, I lowered myself back onto his face, my slick smooth pussy parting over his lips, dripping into his mouth, sliding around on his face, over his chin. His mouth was so full of my delicious female sex meat that he couldn't even cry out, though I could tell he wanted to.

Finally, flesh on flesh, with nothing in the way. His tongue, my pussy lips, clut each other's throats, my eyes closed on the way his strong right hand milked his cock, his left hand gathering up his balls, squeezing, pulling, nailing. He pleased himself utterly, fucking his hands. His whole world was between my legs.

Balls of white fire shot through my loins. My hands went to my firm tits and chest muscles flexing. I punched and pulled my hard, prominent nipples, nothing in the feeling of him down there, deluging in the way I used him.

Oh, God, it was great, feeling his tongue stabbing into me, riding on the juices my pussy gave forth so generously, vibrant, trembling, ecstasy.

Then, too soon, it was over. The poor boy just couldn't hold out against the taste of my naked pussy on his mouth, the exquisite feeling of those pink, juicy intimate lips on his, the sweet hot fluids that flowed out of me and onto his face, sweat and woman spit, hot and slippery and electric.

And he couldn't resist the call of his own body. His relentless hands that stroked and pulled his cock, answering the ancient need that I had provoked with my legs and my ass and my hot, sweaty body.

He wracked himself with spasms of



self-love just as my cunt gave up the last of its liquid, right into his mouth. His right hand squeezed his long, hard, purple cock, his left grabbed at one firm hard cheek of my breasts, one of his fingers found its way up my pussy, my spasmic asshole. Surprised, I surrendered, pushed out, let him in. Jeff stretched his hard man meat one last time, and surrendered to the elegant wet heat that surrounded his mouth and nose and eyes. He bucked beneath me like a wild horse, but I held him pinned to the floor with my hips and ass. Huge drops of pearls were shed from his cock, answering the ancient need that I had provoked with my legs and my ass and my hot, sweaty body.

Slowly, with an obscene sucking sound, I pulled my beaten pussy off his face and stood up over him. He was spent, exhausted, lying there with his cock in one hand, puddles of cum all over his flat belly, gas plastering from the gift of my intimate fluid.

I slowly bent down, hard tits pointing toward him, picked up my clothes and luckily pulled them on. Legs weak, I started for the door, leaving Jeff behind, his mouth hanging open, his chest heaving, used up.

"No bad for the first time," I said. "But I expect your technique to improve. And don't forget to turn off the lights."

# VERONICA NICHY Feet











KIMBERLY:

UNDERFOOT

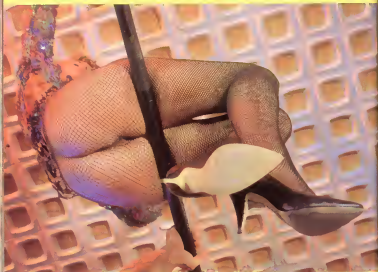


It's all Ken's fault. Barbie, I always dressed up pretty and trotted her around in her high heels, pretending she was going to parties and things. But Ken, he didn't have any pretty clothes and his shoes were ugly and boring like all men's things. I didn't know anything fun to do with a man, at age eight, so I tortured him.

"I led him to the tracks of my brother's train set and let the racing engine smash into him over and over. I bent him over and pulled his pants down and had Barbie kick him in his tight plastic butt with her teeny plastic high heels. Then I saw *Attack Of The Fifty Foot Woman* on Saturday Monster Theater and the final pieces fell into place.

"How I wanted the power of that fifty foot woman! She was so beautiful, feathery, and cruelly destructive. Wronged by her lover, she set out to wreak revenge on all the tiny men who crossed her path. Ken was my tiny man and I crushed him over and over with my mother's high heels on my little feet.

"The years passed and I learned that men were fun for many things, but my fantasies still revolved around tiny men and crushing them under my feet. I became an athletic teen and took up every sport where I could clash with men. I never played fair. I would much rather wrestle an asthmatic little weakling who I'm sure to beat than



some guy who'll give me a run for my money. Let's face it, my thrill is in beating men, crushing them between my legs and under my feet. And if a man is small I can so easily fall into my 'little man' fantasies and pretend I'm snuffing out his life with my powerful feet.

"Last year I took a course in circus acrobatics. I learned to walk a tightrope (badly) and do a lot of trapeze tricks. My trainer is a senoli man and it wasn't long before I seduced him into my fantasies.

"I love to swing above Jose on the trapeze. When he stands on his toes he's the right height to kiss my ass. I prefer to have him kiss my cunt, sucking my juices through the holes in my circus-standard fishnets. He's so submissive he gets really excited from worshipping my cunt, so excited that he'll submit to me working him over with my feet. It feels really hot to dig my spike heels into his neck and shoulders while he services me. Looking down at him from my perch he looks truly tiny and the power courses through me. I start talking mean, sneering at him. 'You little bug, I could squash you flat with one stomp. I'd squish you right now, but you're not worth soiling my shoe with your pitiful guts!' I go on like that as I step down harder and harder on him, mashing my stocking foot into his face, forcing my toes down his throat. I can even reach his cock with my punishing feet and I like to step real hard on that little worm, grinding my heels in and scratching it with my toenails.

"In the end I get so aroused I'll slide down off my trapeze and make him bring me off with his mouth.





I make him jerk his cock and cum all over the place while he does it. Every place except on me, that's



I don't favor worm guts on my shoes and I don't want any worm cum on them either!"

# Women to Woman

## The Erotic Confessions of a Real Female Leg Show Reader

By Linda W.

**A**s a sexually adventurous woman of the '90s, I have had more than a few sexual trysts I can recall fondly, several experiences—mostly with other women—that were so much fun and so pleasurable I can hardly believe they happened. I believe that life is as good as you make it, and that making fantasies a reality is not only possible but probable, if you seek out the right people.

I am 30 years old, attractive, and have been bisexual all my life. My earliest erotic memories involve other women, or more accurately, other girls my age. Even then, I was enamored of the female form, and saw a beauty in its mirror image of myself. I loved my girlfriends' soft hair, the smooth skin, the tender way they behaved. I studied all aspects of the feminine body, from head to foot. And, not surprisingly, I discovered that female feet were beautiful. At the innocent age of 13, I developed a fascination with feet, and it exists to this day.

Growing up, I was aware of my eclectic sexual tastes. While my girlfriends talked with me about clowns and parties, I would secretly admire their beauty. I imagined myself kissing them, licking them all over. I was sure no one else thought feet were sexy; this made me enjoy it more.

One girl in particular, a meet but very hot 16-year-old blonde named Lisa\*, made me ache with desire. As our friendship grew, so did my passion for her. I remember how pretty she was, how soft and sensual her feet were, how I wanted to lick and caress them. She had no idea how infatuated I was with her. During class, as the teacher gave the lesson, I looked over at Lisa and dreamed of making love to her. It seemed so natural for me to feel that. I wanted to go over to her, get down on my knees, and kiss her sandaled feet, suck her pretty toes. I wanted to lick her all over, worship her. Although I had not read anything even slightly pornographic at this age, I knew intuitively how I would please her, and how wonderful it would be to enjoy this beautiful goddess. Looking back, I realize how right I was.

After high school, I entered a local university, and there I had my first encounters with women. I had a couple of boyfriends, too, but I must admit I liked women more, and still do. I made several contacts during that time and learned firsthand how exciting it was to make love with women.

One of my first lovers, a petite brunette named Sally, enjoyed our love-making immensely. She was turned on by my desire for her, and quite willing to indulge my love for her feet. She especially liked to have her toes sucked; it made her so hot she said she could feel it between her legs. All during our love play, I would go to her feet and lick and massage her toes. It built up an intense excitement for both of us. I would slowly glide my tongue up her tapered, firm legs, and use the same skilled, deliberate technique on her lovely pussy. She would gasp with delight as I licked up her sweetness. I would lick her for hours that way. It drove her wild.

Sally liked my feet, too. My feet are very pretty—slim, soft, and feminine, like hers. I remember when we ebbed this way, first licking one another's pussies, then tonguing our feet and toes. As she sat on my face, I would move her foot to my mouth and lick her dairy feet, savoring the scent of her sweat and the wetness from her cunt. It seemed such a sinful indulgence—two women, pleasing each other endlessly, making love for no other reason than because it felt so good. I fucked in my mouth as she slid her tongue between my toes, her saliva dripping down my feet. I can still remember her looking at me while she licked me, her lips and chin wet from our love. She was beautiful, both a sweet little girl and a mindless, passionate bitch, willing to please me all night. I could not imagine anything more exciting.

Sally and I saw each other frequently during college, but after that she moved out of state. Our parting was difficult, but I knew that there would always be a good feeling between us, a private shared remembrance of our Sapphic love.

I had several lovers during my 20s, each one special in her own way. I loved the unbridled sensuality two women share, and how mutual pleasure was always most important. I also found that most men were very understanding of this. I met my husband when I was 26, and he always accepted my sexuality. Interestingly, he shares my admiration of women's feet, and thinks mine are very erotic. We share an unconventional consensus that I find fulfilling.

In recent years, I have continued to date women, living out my fantasies one by one. Most women have very sensitive feet, and love to have them licked and caressed. Some are more aware of it than others, though. And there are more than a few women who know that this is a fetish for some people. When they begin to realize the sexual power they have over their prospective lover, they sometimes use this to tease. Some women have admitted to

When I met her at a party a few months ago, she seemed open, friendly, and willing to talk. Our first conversation was about astrology. She was a Virgo, I'm a Sagittarian. I was immediately struck by her exotic beauty: she was petite, with chocolate brown skin and expressive, almond eyes. Her face was perfect. She said she wanted to be a model.

As she and I talked, it was all I could do to keep from reaching out to her. I wanted to hold her in my arms, feel her heat next to me. I seemed immediately, though, that the preferred to keep a distance, much like a cat does when you first approach it. She was checking me out.

By the end of the evening, I was taking myself if she knew I was attracted to her. Certainly this intelligent young woman knew that I was burning inside. As we sat good-bye, I hugged her and said I was happy to meet her. It was not just an innocent embrace, however. I lingered for a moment, and gingerly kissed her neck, removing any possible doubt of my feelings. My heart raced for a moment. I feared she would be offended, but I felt excited at my forward-

I found my breath as she slid her foot between my toes.

me that they enjoy the feeling of control. I can recall walking through a mall recently and noticing a strikingly beautiful blond sitting on a bench, dressed in a red miniskirt with no hose, dangling her high-heeled shoe at passersby. I could tell by the look in her eyes that she knew exactly what she was doing. She noticed me and smiled. She knew I was excited, too. I imagined myself getting on the dirty floor and licking her shoes and feet. I was just another admirer to her. I wanted a woman like that, a real female. I was to find one very soon.

I met Denise through friends. My sexuality is no secret, and most people who know me are aware that I like women. When Denise entered our social circle she undoubtedly heard about me.

She just looked at me and laughed a little, saying, "You're really looking at me. Why?" I told her that she was beautiful. She giggled again, clearly pleased by my admiration. We made plans to visit again.

The next time I saw her was at her apartment. Our conversation flowed easily this time, and our unique interplay began to take form. We sat on her couch, talking and laughing, and then she laid back, stretching out to relax. She put her feet on my lap, she still had her shoes and socks on. I naturally proceeded to take them off, and began caressing her sweet brown toes. Her feet were remarkably pretty, her skin velvety smooth. I stared at their loveliness, not caring if she noticed. I wanted to begin making love to her by

hating her feet with my tongue. In my mind I was all over her, licking her every where, being her willing sexual slave. Her body was so perfect I could have died just sitting there. In the darkness of the candlelit room, I delisted into an erotic, sensual energy flow where only she and I existed.

I imagined myself  
on the dirty floor,  
licking her ankles  
and feet.



I began kissing her feet. She asked me what I was doing, acting very innocent, but very aware of this moment. I didn't see the need to reply. I couldn't stop myself. I kissed her toes, and licked along the sides of her feet. She became quiet, except for her breathing, which quickly became more rapid. Then she pulled her feet away.

"You didn't think we were going to make love, did you?" she asked seductively. "We're just going to sit here and chat. That's it." I said nothing, confused and frustrated. Had I read this incorrectly? Was I making things too much? I felt embarrassed I wasn't used to this. Her feet rested on my lap, her toes still glistening from my kisses.

"I thought it was okay. I thought you wanted them," I whispered.

"Not yet. Let's take a slow and easy," she said. At this point, I didn't

know what she meant. I sat back and rested my head on the wall. What a rest! I thought to myself. Why is she doing this to me?

She sat up and put her arms around me, lussing me on the cheek. Was this consolation, or was it more punishment? I turned to her and kissed her lips. "I want to make love to you," I said.

"I know you do," she replied. "I can tell—your pussy is hot," she said, placing her hand between my legs. She began making little circular motions there, thoughtfully, skillfully increasing my passion.

"Do you think I'm sexy?" she asked. "Do you want to lick my... worship me?" I answered yes. "Well, you can't—no until I say so, anyway. Leave it up to me."

At this, she stripped my pants and slowly touched her fingers inside. I moaned as she found my pussy and touched my wetness. "Don't move," she ordered with a whisper. She pulled down my pants and began teasing me, running her finger along my hardened clitoris.

"My, your clitoris is really big," she exclaimed. "Do I really do that to you?" "Of course you do, Denise," I said. I was surprised that she would ask. "Please... lick it. Let me feel your mouth."

"I bet you'd like that," she said. "I bet you'd give anything to have me suck your pussy right now." She smiled and devilishly put her lips on my pussy, flicking her tongue across my clitoris.

"Oh, Denise," I moaned. "Make love to me." She licked all over my cunt now, going at it with total abandon. Suddenly, though, she pulled away. I gasped, almost in shock.

"You really want a, don't you?" she asked again. "Let's sit here for a minute and talk." I was speechless. Everything seemed barren. I felt lost in her power, like a helpless insect caught in a web. I couldn't imagine trying to talk at this point.

"I want you to tell me that you want me," she whispered. "My feet—don't you want to lick them? I can tell how excited you are. Go on."

"I want you," I exclaimed. "I said yes, Denise." I almost begged her. That I realized that I had a power, too, a sexual energy that she wanted. I resolved to take her, make her mine with my passion.

"I took her feet in my hands and brought them to my mouth, sucking at her toes hungrily. She moaned loudly now. How I wanted to please her, love her for hours! I buried my face between her legs, lapping up the sweet white honey that dripped down her pussy. She raised her legs and pointed her little toes upward as I rubbed my face all over

her cunt.

"Your tongue..." she panted, "I can feel the heat in my toes... you make me so very hot..." Her words trailed off into a faint whisper. I brought her feet to my shoulders, and rubbed them as I ate her, delicately licking her toes as I had with my tongue.

"Your feet are so soft," I whispered. "I want to see you suck your toes..." I brought her left foot to her mouth, and she willingly began licking herself, sucking each toe, one by one. I watched her, filled with lust, and she stared at me while she pleased herself. She ran her tongue all along the bottom of her foot, breathing in the moist energy. She was pure sex now, and I knew that we were at the moment when all defenses were gone, and where I placed my tongue and how I moved it would directly determine her passion. Before, I was hers, now she was mine.

I had my tongue on her pussy again. She moaned over and over, continuing her attention to her foot. In fact, she licked herself even more passionately.

"Please, baby," she pleaded. "Eat me... oh, honey, don't stop." Probing her little clitoris with my tongue, I began to suck it. "Oh, yes, that's it! That's it! You're going to make me cum."

My movements were paced, and as I sensed her approaching climax, and as I increased the strokes of my tongue, bringing her to the brink as she breathed harder. I looked up at her. As I licked her hot cunt I watched her suck her toes, her saliva running down her foot, her face wet. She began panting feverishly. I moved my tongue rapidly on her clitoris, and she thrust her hips toward me, grinding her pussy hard against my face as she began to cum, moving rhythmically as her spasms overtook her.

I kept my mouth on her, letting her feel all her pleasure, prolonging her intense orgasm. She shuddered aloud and wrapped her legs around my neck, resting them on my shoulders. I was panting, too, lost in our passion. As her movements slowed down, so did my tongue. At last, we were still, my face still on her pussy, both of us breathing heavily. That moment, that timeless embrace, is something I will always remember.

Denise and I remain lovers, and I have other girlfriends I see occasionally. Most of them know about my love of feet, and are comfortable with it. I have come to realize that, in addition to feet, or anything else, need not be viewed as odd, in fact, I think it indicates a more holistic approach to sexuality than some people have. People are beautiful and wonderful, and sex is meant to be celebrated. Enjoy yours!

"All names have been changed

# Best in the West

Sexy Salty Seductive  
Dined Call Backs  
Epic Stories  
(903) 388-4330

1-800-852-8356 1-900-654-WILD

## The Singles Profile Connection

Cateline Talking Personal Ads Arranged by AREA CODES!

NEW!

• FREE Voice Mail Boxes  
• Nationwide with Area Codes  
• Listen to messages or leave your own  
(48 HRS - 7 DAYS)

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

# 1-900-PROFILE

Prices subject to change without notice. No per minute. First minute only 20¢.

## A CINE RESEARCH SPECIAL PRESENTATION

# "Foot Fantasy"

Strictly for all you foot worshippers out there, we have produced a 40-minute video featuring a pair of the most enticing appendages you will ever see. Beautifully tanned and pampered, with deep arches and creamy detailing, they are a footlovers dream come true. Behold, as these feet operate with a mind of their own, lolling you in jet black, open toe pumps. Flexing, and beckoning you to stroke their curvy bare soles. Inviting you to explore the hidden valleys between each gorgeous toe.

Specific details: Soft and supple, with naturally thin, specific details. But whatever your theme is, you'll want to get it on with this 40 minute foot which have literally drawn "chest men" to their knees, then to the floor, with their mouth-lustling appeal. So get down there with everyone else and go crazy. This female wants you too, at her feet—where the real hot action is.

VIDEO: \$50 30 COLOR PHOTOS: \$20

SAVE \$15 WHEN "FOOT FANTASY" AND "FOOT FEVER" VIDEOS ARE PURCHASED TOGETHER.

# "FOOT FEVER"

Jobbies, boyfriend all down on his business suite, but NO ONE'S spirits are down for long with this women around. From the standard whistles off her toes, her feet are mesmerized by the characteristically alluring body. These golden legs, buttocks, and perfectly sculpted swell. Combined with delicate, she cannot resist the chance to cum in and on her feet. From her ankles, up, inch by inch, all the way up over her out-thrust midsection. Then... showing her feet with her worshipping task. Julie releases by revealing his body and face with these female's beautiful body parts, squealing with the feel, moans of her lover's thighs, stroking them with only caresses. Utterly satisfying his feet with his feet. Then forcing her feet into his mouth! You just simply can't be a foot lover and still like himself. Off to the kitchen, then. He'll be back in 10 minutes. Stay 4, for you and on. Jobbies, we all love you, moody!

Running Time: 72 minutes  
VIDEO \$45 30 COLOR PHOTOS: \$18

## LET'S GET TECHNICAL

### CINE RESEARCH Uses

• MASTERE HIGH GRADE STOCK, A DIGITAL TIME BASE CORRECTOR AND HAND/STATION BOX FOR EACH CASSETTE PAL, DIGITAL STANDARD CONVERTER

Videos Available in Beta, VHS, and PAL (European) Send Check or M.O. (And Statement that you are over 21) to:

**CINE RESEARCH LAB, INC.**  
P.O. Box 165-L, Leesdale, PA 15056

Overseas must add 10% for Air Mail and \$10 extra for PAL. NY State Residents add 8% Sales Tax. Allow 2-3 weeks for Delivery. Complete Catalog sent with Order.







"I have a very bad temper. I can't help it, it's an inherited trait from my mother. When she became angry she took it out on my mouse of a father. It's only natural that I should take my angry irritations out on men as well. I am not my bitch of a mother, though. I do not yell. I sexually terrorize.

"A little example. This morning the train stopped dead on the tracks while I was on my way to an important meeting. A garbled, incomprehensible message came over the PA system and then nothing. I sat patiently for five minutes and then my short fuse ignited. I began tapping one five and a half inch patent leather pump angrily. The sharp staccato sound rang through the car, calling all the penises to attention. My anger narrowed to a fine laser point as the male heads swung my way, concentrating in my legs and feet. Yes, my legs and feet are the instruments of my vengeance and my victims are the cocks and balls of the male passengers.

"Assured that all eyes were on my legs, I rose smoothly from my seat. Planting my feet, so beautifully, so cruelly arched in my fetish-height heels, I put one hand on my hip, blood red nails curving like claws against my clinging silk dress. I bent and peered out the window, pretending to be searching for the cause of our delay. I was well aware of my tight skirt riding my behind, exposing the welts of my stocking tops. All the time I kept up the furious foot tapping and mumbled curses, keeping the men well aware I was an enraged, dangerous woman.



"Next I lifted one heel out of one pump by standing high on my toes. I could feel my strong calf muscles contracting and knew the display was breathtaking from behind. It looked like I was raising a foot cramp to the men with the rapidly hardening cocks. I knew it was a further vent for my rage, building them up so I could tear them down. I continued my show by exposing the other heel in the same way and then both at once, hand still on my hip, stocking tops still exposed.

"Suddenly I straightened and whirled around, in one smooth gesture. They were all caught, eyes wide, cocks hard and my angry eyes pinning them, my little collection of human specimens.

"I marched to the first one and pointed a long lacquered nail at his crotch. 'What is that?' I hissed with full venom. 'A hard-on? You dare to have a hard-on in my presence?' And as it shrank under my fury a bit of anger was replaced with triumph.

"I approached and accused each of them, though some had already lost their erections, hearing the others chastised. Some got even bigger hard-ons hearing it, but that is to be expected. By the time I'd humiliated them all my rage had turned to pleasure, even deep satisfaction. About then the train started up again, a disaster had been averted again, thanks to the male sexual weakness.

"I really hate that it has to be this way, men, but it's really the world's fault. If only it didn't cross me."







80 LEG SHOW



BE  
NEATH  
THE  
GRATING

photos by Roy Stuart





**A** while back I discovered a grating I could easily get beneath to take photos up the skirts of women passing above. When looking for more gratings recently I found one with a man crouched beneath, half hidden, peering up the passing skirts. Though well dressed, his eyes shone with a strange inner light and spit flicked his lips. He welcomed me to join him with any camera and told me earnestly, "This is my job." In the course of the afternoon he told me the following.

"...I like the hot days when they wear only the panties and the more weathering the sun, the more damp the panties. I can see the dampness. Thin white cotton panties are the best, without a whole lot of lace or design so you can see the outline sometimes of the entire pussy and maybe the legs, moist like, just for me. Windy hot days I like special, the warm draft shoots up their skirts from below. Where I am is snug, a kinda coddle, the best place I can be...  
 "My grating is in a busy part of town near a traffic light. All different types of

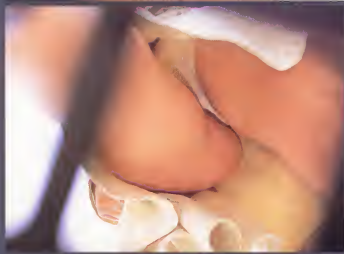
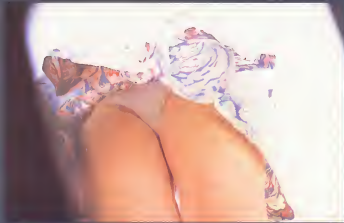
women walk by every day: college girls in summer dresses, businesswomen, even older women—I love them all and I'm sure they'd love me if they knew I was down here, if they bothered to look. You see, I'm not some kind of weirdo; it's my job. I'm like an investigator. Every woman secretly wants to be watched in her sexual areas. I'm fulfilling their innermost wishes—only they don't know it. Why else would they wear those teasing skirts and skimpy underwear and sometimes no underwear at all? Or when they let the pussy hair creep out from around the edge of the panties, pulled so tight against their swelling crotches.

"It's heaven over my head. I swear it's heaven. Sometimes they stand over me, legs apart, waiting for the traffic light to change. A woman has been known to crouch and adjust an aching shoe, with my face in the shadow just a few feet below that underwear crotch. I'm able to catch a smell then. Oh yes, you can tell a lot about a woman from the smell, tell about her day; if she's been fucked, or needs to be, or if she's just been to the ladies room. Ah, the scent wafts down just like she's sitting on my face, except for a few inches of air and steel. My tongue sticks out hungrily, but just can't reach.

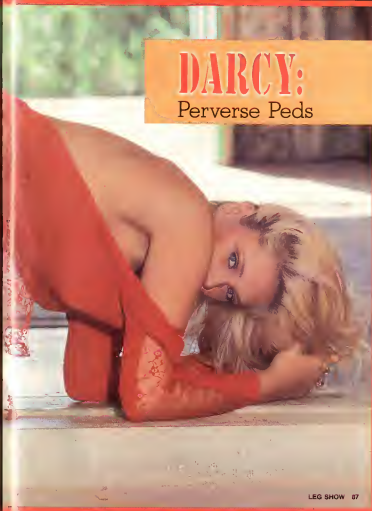
"Tell you something, I can imagine her squatting even lower, her pussy splitting open as she pulls the crotch of her panties to one side. She looks around to check that the coast is clear and then she presses that wet pink thing right against the grate. My mouth opens wide and my tongue sinks right into her as my hand jerks feverishly on my hard cock. God, take me now! Take me while I'm happy! I can with her in union, spurting uncontrollably as she releases onto my mouth and face.

"Once in while they see me down here and that's my greatest satisfaction. I'll look up at her and smile, because you see, then they know how important I am, down here working hard, doing my job. Then the day is done and I can't hardly keep it all, awaiting another brilliant day, doing what I must, in the City of Dreams."









# DARCY:

Perverse Peds



If there's one thing I hate it's having my feet tickled. I'm a woman who likes to be in control and when someone tickles my feet I utterly lose it. I roll around helplessly, laughing hysterically, gasping for breath, my tits shaking, my thighs quivering, totally incapable of saving myself from the torment. My soles are so soft even the tiniest irritation will set me off into tickle agony. And let's face it, I'm not a very strong girl, so I don't have the strength to stop any man from tickling me if he's really determined.

"So I avoid ticklers like the plague, right? Wrong! Every man I meet turns out to be a tickler! At first I thought it was a simple, horrible coincidence. Then I saw it couldn't be that and got paranoid, thinking all the men I'd dated talked about me, telling other ticklers to track me down and continue my torment. Then an unpleasant truth started dawning on me.

"Some part of me starts to be tickled.

"Why else would I dress the way I do? I'm always walking around barefoot. Even though my soles are very tender, I endure the prays of rocks and sticks and hot sidewalk to show off my naked feet. When I do wear shoes they're always the barest sandals, even in winter, and I'm happiest when I'm dangling those sandals from my toes.

"Then there's the way I talk. I go

out of my way to talk about my feet, always saying how sensitive they are and specifically, how ticklish they are! I'll even show people—and what I mean is men—where the most ticklish spots are. How can I expect that with such seductive actions they won't be compelled to tickle me? It's shameful to have to examine my motives this way, but I realize I secretly want to give up control. It's a big burden to be in control all the time, even if I like it. So my subconscious drives me to offer myself up as a tickling sacrifice. I long for the torment of your scrabbling fingers on my tender soles, for the helpless struggle as you overpower me and inflict the brutal tickle treatment on me. I may not like to be tickled—in fact I hate it—but I need to be tickled, and I need it a lot.

"Showing off my feet in the magazine may be my biggest invitation to tickle yet. I say I hate it, which I know stimulates a true tickler, and then I say I need it desperately. And then I give my hometown. Wait, I didn't do that? It's Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. So now, guaranteed, some of you vicious ticklers will see me on the street, walking barefoot, and strike up a conversation. And sure enough, that conversation will lead to your fingers on my soles and me writhing in helpless laughter. Maybe I'm nuts, but I'm excited already."













**FORBIDDEN  
PETIT  
FANTASIES**  
1-800-  
876-  
9453

ALL CALLS \$2 PER MINUTE. ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.  
VISA/MASTERCARD. TOUCHTONE PHONE REQUIRED.

**BIG  
BUSTY  
BABES**  
1-800-  
627-  
4739

ALL CALLS \$1 PER MINUTE.  
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY. VISA/  
MASTERCARD. TOUCHTONE  
PHONE REQUIRED.



## TALK LIVE WITH A FANTASY CENTERFOLD GIRL

Every girl dreams of being a centerfold, and every guy dreams of talking to a centerfold girl. Make those desires a reality.

**New Make Your Dreams Come True Together!**  
You'll be surprised how warm and friendly these beautiful girls really are and they're anxiously waiting for your call.

**Experience the Ultimate!**  
Call now and talk live to a dream girl. A beautiful dream girl is waiting to talk to you! Live the ultimate fantasy, call now!

**Samantha's girls .....1-800-680-8400**

**Tracy's girls.....1-800-680-8500**

**Desiree's girls.....1-800-680-8600**

**Suzette's girls.....1-800-680-8700**

STRICTLY FOR ADULTS ONLY. Just \$3 \$0 per minute.



**BIG TIT  
GIRLS**

Want your dick  
riding between  
fuck those titles  
Will you shoot  
your load.

**1-800-  
999-5847**

Adults over 21 only,  
\$2 per minute.

**MISTRESS  
TANYA  
COMMANDS  
YOUR LUST**  
1-800-  
**284-5878**

EAT HER PUSSY, AND IF  
YOU'RE VERY GOOD  
SHE'LL LET YOU CUM

Adults over 21 only, \$2 per minute



**Double Fuckers**

My girlfriend eats my pussy while you  
fuck me. Then cum in her mouth. Or  
fuck us both if you want

**1-800-727-2662**

Adults over 21 only, \$2 per minute.

**FREE SEX**  
24 HOURS  
WILD  
FREE  
SAMPLES  
212  
643-  
2672

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

*We Love it  
up the BUTT!*



*Do one, do us both!*  
**1-800-766-4ASS**

(4277)  
VISA/Mastercard. Must use touchtone phone.  
\$2 per minute. Must be over 18.

**SPECIAL INTERESTS**  
You Know What I Mean!  
**215-747-4753**  
FOR FREE HOT SAMPLES  
MUST BE 18 PLUS



*Tender twosome want you!*

**1-800-444-9387**

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY. JUST \$3 PER MINUTE.